

Dwight's Journal of Music.

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Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 66.)

Paris, Jan. 21, 1832.

I get in every letter now a little bit, because I am not punctual in my answers. So now I proceed to satisfy your questions about the new things which I intend to publish, my dear Fanny.

It has occurred to me, that the Octet and the Quintet might figure very well in my works, and really are better than much else that figures there already. Now as the publication of these pieces costs nothing, but on the contrary brings something in, and as I do not wish entirely to confuse the chronological sequence, I propose to publish the following things by Easter: Quintet and Octet (the latter arranged also for four hands), "Midsummer Night's Dream," seven Songs without Words, six Songs with words; on my return to Germany six pieces of church music, and finally, if a publisher will engrave and pay for it, the D minor Symphony. As soon as I have brought out the "*Meeresstille*" in my Berlin concert, that too shall follow. But I cannot give "*Die Hebriden*" here, because, as I wrote you at the time, I consider it as not yet finished; the middle portion (*forte*, in D major) is very stupid, and the whole working up, so called, savors more of counterpoint, than of train oil and sea-gulls and salt fish, and it should be the reverse. I like the piece too well to perform it in an imperfect state, and I hope soon to set myself about it, so as to have it ready for England and the Michaelmas fair. You ask furthermore, why I do not compose the Italian Symphony in A major? Because I am composing the Saxon Overture in A minor, which is to stand before the "Walpurgis Night," so that the piece may be played with honor in the aforesaid concert in Berlin, and elsewhere.

You wish me to remove to the Marais and write all day. My child, that will not do; I have before me only three months more at farthest, to see Paris, and here one must throw himself into the stream; for this I came here: it is all too gay and attractive, to renounce; it rounds off my charming picture of travel as a whole, and forms a singularly colossal keystone to the arch; and so I must now try to regard Paris as the main thing. Meanwhile the publishers stand on both sides of me like veritable Satans, desire piano music, and are willing to pay for it. By Heavens! I do not know whether to resist, or write some Trio or other; for that I am above the *potpourri* temptation, I trust you will believe; but I should be glad to compose a couple of good Trios.

On Thursday too, is the first rehearsal of my Overture, which will be given in the second concert of the Conservatoire; in the third my D minor Symphony will follow. Habeneck talks of seven or eight rehearsals; they would be welcome to me. Moreover I am to play something in a concert at Erard's, namely my Munich Con-

certo for the piano-forte; so I must practice it well. Then again a billet lies beside me: *Le président du Conseil, Ministre de l'intérieur, et Mme. Casimir Périer prient etc.*, to a ball on Monday evening; this evening there is music at Habeneck's; tomorrow at Schlesinger's; Tuesday, the first public Soirée of Baillot; Wednesday, Hiller plays his Concerto in the Hôtel de Ville,—these things always last till after midnight,—let another lead a solitary life; but these are things which one cannot refuse. So when am I to compose? In the forenoon! Yesterday Hiller came, then Kalkbrenner, then Habeneck. Day before yesterday came Baillot, then Eichthal, then Rodrigues. Early in the morning then! Well yes,—I do compose then.—So you are confuted.

Yesterday, P. was with me, talked St. Simonianism, and, taking me either to be stupid or shrewd enough, made disclosures which were so revolting to me, that I resolved not to go again to him, nor to the other confederates. Now this morning Hiller bursts into the room and tells me how he has just been present at the arrest of the Saint Simonians; he wanted to hear their preaching; but the Fathers did not come. Suddenly soldiers entered, and they were ordered to disperse as soon as possible, since M. Enfantin and the rest had been arrested in the Rue Monsigny. National guards are standing in the Rue Monsigny, and other soldiers are marching up; every thing has been put under seal, and now the *procès* will begin. My B minor Quartet had been left in the Rue Monsigny, and is now under seal; only the Adagio is *juste milieu*, all the other pieces are *mouvement*; I shall be obliged at last to play it before the jury.

I was standing lately by the side of the Abbé Bardin, in a large company, and listening to the way that they performed my Quartet in A minor. During the last movement my neighbor pulled my coat and said: "*Il a cela dans une de ses sinfonies.*"—"Qui?" said I, somewhat disturbed.—"*Beethoven, l'auteur de ce quatuor,*" said he with an air of consequence. It was sour-sweet! But is it not fine, that my Quartets are played in the classes of the Conservatoire, and that the scholars have to sprain their fingers to play "*Ist es wahr?*"?

I have just come from St. Sulpice, where the organist trotted out the organ before me: it sounds like a full choir of old women's voices; but they maintain that it is the first organ in Europe, if it were only repaired, which would cost 30,000 francs. No one who has not heard it can believe how the *Canto fermo* sounds accompanied by a serpent; and the clumsy bells are ringing at the same time!

The post is going, so I must leave off my chat, or it would last till day after tomorrow. I have never yet mentioned, that Bach's *Passion* is announced for Easter at the Italian Opera in London.

Your

FELIX.

Paris, Feb. 4, 1832.

You will excuse me if I write you only a few words to-day. I did not know till yesterday my never to be forgotten loss.* With it have gone a dear and beautiful period of my life, and many hopes; I shall never again be so happy. I must now look about to build new plans and new castles in the air; the old ones are lost, for he was always interwoven in them; I shall never be able to think of my whole boyhood, and the time succeeding it, without him, and I had imagined until now that the future would not be otherwise. I must accustom myself to the change; but the fact that I can think of nothing, without being reminded of him,—that I never could hear music without that, and never write anything without thinking of him in it,—all this makes the severing of this life tie doubly sensible. For now the former time has really passed away. But not only do I lose that; I lose a man whom I loved; even if I had had no reason for it, or had lost all reasons, still I should have loved him without reason, and he would have loved me too; and now the consciousness that there is such a man in the world, on whom one could repose, and who lived to love you, and all whose wishes were the same as yours, is gone. It is the hardest loss that could have befallen me, and I shall never forget it.

This was my birthday celebration yesterday. While I was listening to Baillot on Tuesday, and was telling Hiller, that there was only one man who played for me the music which I loved, L. was standing by my side, and knew it, and did not give me the letter. He did not know to be sure that yesterday was my birthday, but yesterday I learned it by degrees from him, and then I could recall former anniversaries, and review the past a little, as one always should do on a birthday, and think how he always used to come on that day with some special gift, which he had long been thinking of, something as nice and pleasant and delightful as himself. The day was very mournful; I could do nothing, think of nothing, but just that.

To-day I have compelled myself to work, and it has gone well. My A minor Overture is finished; I now think of writing some things, which will be well paid for here.

Pray tell me a great deal more about him; give me all possible particulars; it does me good to keep hearing about him. His neatly copied Octet parts lie now before me, and look up at me. I shall soon perhaps recover my usual mood, and be able to write you cheerfully and at length; but the new chapter is begun, and there is no title.

Your

FELIX.

* The death of his friend, the violinist, Edward Ritz.

Paris, Feb. 13, 1832.

I live very pleasantly and quietly here now. To society I am drawn neither by my mood, nor by the satisfaction which it offers. Here, as everywhere, it is dry and unprofitable, and by

its late hours it costs double time. On the other hand I do not hesitate where there is good music; I shall write Zelter the particulars of the first concert of the Conservatoire. These people play most admirably, and with such a cultivated style, that it is a delight to hear them; they feel a pleasure in it themselves, and every one takes the greatest pains; the *chef* is a sterling and accomplished musician; of course it must go well together. Tomorrow my A minor Quartet will be played in public. Cherubini says of Beethoven's later music: "*ça me fait éternuer*," and so I believe the whole public will sneeze tomorrow. The performers are Baillet, Sauzey, Urban and Norblin, the best here. My A minor Overture is ready; it represents bad weather. Also an introduction, in which it thaws and becomes Spring, was finished a few days ago; and so I have counted the sheets of the "Walpurgis Night," revised the seven numbers a little more, and then boldly written underneath: Milan, in July—Paris, in February. I think it will please you. Before all things I must now make an Adagio for my Quintet; the players are clamorous for it, and I find they are right.

I wish you could hear for once a rehearsal of my "Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Conservatoire; they play it exquisitely. It is not yet certain whether it will get off by next Sunday; there are only two more rehearsals before then, and it has only been played over twice; but I think that it will go, and I should like to have it on Sunday, and not in the third concert, because I have to play on the 26th for the poor (something of Weber's), on the 27th in a concert at Erard's (my Munich Concerto), and at other places, and because I should like to appear first at the Conservatoire. I am also to play something at the Conservatoire, and in fact the gentlemen would like to hear a piano-forte Sonata by Beethoven; it would be a bold thing, but I vote for his G major Concerto, which no one knows here. But I look forward with the greatest delight to the D minor Symphony, which they are to take in hand next week; I never should have dreamed that I should hear it for the first time in Paris.

I often go to the theatre, and see the great adroitness, talent, and incredible immorality, which they employ in it; no lady is supposed to go to the "Gymnase;"—still they do go. Now if you imagine me reading "*Notre Dame*," dining here or there with some acquaintance every day, and after three o'clock availing myself of the lovely, fine Spring weather to take a walk, make a call here and there, and look at the gayly dressed gentlemen and ladies in the splendid gardens of the Tuileries,—you will have my day in Paris. Now farewell.

FELIX.

Paris, Feb. 21, 1832.

Almost every letter which I receive from you now, announces a bitter loss. Yesterday I received the one with the intelligence about dear U., whom I shall no longer find with you; so there is no time for chatty correspondence; one must work, and try to make progress. I have composed a grand Adagio as an intermezzo to the Quintet. It is called "*Nachruf*" (posthumous fame), and it occurred to me, as I had to compose something for Baillet, who plays so beautifully, and is so kind to me, and who wishes to play it publicly before the people, and yet who is so much of a stranger to me.

Day before yesterday my overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was given for the first time in a concert of the Conservatoire. It has caused me great satisfaction, for it went most admirably, and also seemed to please the people. In one of the next concerts it will be performed again, and my Symphony, which has been delayed a little on this account, is to be taken up on Friday or Saturday. I shall also in the fourth or fifth concert play Beethoven's G major Concerto. The musicians cross and bless themselves at all the honors heaped on me by the Conservatoire. They played the A minor Quartet wonderfully on Tuesday, with such fire and precision, that it was a joy to hear it, and as I can never more hear Ritz, I probably shall not soon hear it better given. It seemed to make a great impression on the people; they went almost mad about the Scherzo.

It is now time again, dear father, that I should write you a few words about my travelling plans, and this time more seriously than usual for many reasons. So I should like first to take a general survey and think of that, which you proposed to me before I left home as my object, and bade me keep it steadily in view: namely, I was closely to examine the different countries, in order to select the one in which I would reside and work; furthermore, I was to make known my name, and what I can do, so that men might gladly receive me where I wished to stay, and not be ignorant of my achievements; and finally, I was to take advantage of my good fortune and your kindness, to get forward with my future works. It is a joyful feeling for me, to be able now to say, that I believe this has been done. Allowing for the mistakes, which one finds out too late, I think I have fulfilled the objects you prescribed for me. People now know that I live, and that I mean to do something; and whatever good thing I achieve, they will receive it well. Here they have come to meet me, and have asked for things by me, which they have never done before, since all the others, even Onslow, have been obliged to offer their compositions. From London the Philharmonic have invited me to perform something new of mine there on the 10th of March. I have also got my Munich commission without taking the least step to obtain it, and in fact not till after my concert. Now I mean to give here (if possible), and certainly in London, in case the cholera does not prevent my going there in April, a concert on my own account, and earn some money, so that I may have tried my hand at that too, before I come back to you; then I hope to be able to say, that I have fulfilled that part of your wish,—the making myself known to the public.

Your other purpose, too, that I should choose a country, where I should like to live, is, at least in a general way, accomplished. That country is Germany; on that point I have become quite sure in my own mind. I cannot yet however name the city, for the most important one, to which I am attracted by so many reasons, is not yet known to me in this respect,—I mean Berlin; so I must make a trial of it upon my return, to see whether I shall be able to establish myself there, in the way that I propose and wish, after having seen and enjoyed all the other places.

This is also the reason why I do not try to get an Opera to write here. If I make really good music, such as these days demand, it will be un-

derstood and loved in Germany (it has been so with all good operas there). If I make indifferent music, it will be forgotten in Germany, but here it would be often given, praised, sent to Germany, and there given on Parisian authority, as we see every day. But this I will not do; if I am not able to write good music, I do not wish to be praised for it. Therefore I will try it first in Germany, and if it goes so badly that I can no longer live there, I have still the foreign countries left. Besides, few German theatres have sunk to so low a condition as the Opéra Comique here; it falls from one bankruptcy into another. When Cherubini is asked why he does not allow his operas to be given there, he answers: "*Je ne fais pas donner des Opéras sans chœur, sans orchestre, sans chanteurs et sans décorations*." But the Grand Opera has given its orders for years to come, and one cannot get a commission under three or four years.

So I mean for the first thing to return to you, write my "Tempest," and see how it succeeds. The plan, which I would lay before you, dear father, is this: to remain here until the end of March or the beginning of April (of course I have declined the invitation of the Philharmonic for the 10th of March, and reserved it for another time); then to go to London for a couple of months; then, if the Rhenish musical festival takes place, to which I have been summoned, to go by way of Düsseldorf; if not, to return by the shortest way back to you, and be with you in the garden soon after Whitsuntide. Farewell!

FELIX.

(To be continued.)

A New Opera: "Actæa, the Maid of Corinth."

(From the Berlin Correspondence of the London Musical World.)

At last I have really got something new to tell you concerning the Royal Opera House and its management; I shall not be compelled, on the present occasion, to employ the brilliancy of my talent and the vast resources of my style, in chronicle simply the I-do-not-know-how-manyeth representation of *Le Prophète*, or the periodical revival of Spontini's *Fernand Cortez*. We have actually had an operative novelty, and that novelty is *Actæa, das Mädchen von Corinth*, "a grand opera in four acts, the words by Julius Rodenberg, and the music by Jean Bott."

The subject of Herr "Jean" Bott's new opera, like that of Herr Ferdinand Hiller's *Katakomben*, produced so successfully a short time since, is laid in the time of the early Christians, and the following is an outline of the plot. The heroine is a certain Actæa, or Actæa, a young Greek girl, whom Nero has carried off from Corinth to Rome. The two other principal female characters are Agrippina, Nero's mother, and Poppæa Sabina, the lady who so captivated the Emperor that, after having taken her from one of his favorites, Otho, who had previously taken her from her husband, Rufus Crispinus, he married her, his former wife, Octavia, having first been repudiated by him, in order to enable him to do so. It was this same Poppæa who was so anxious to preserve her beauty, that she kept a stud of 500 asses, in whose milk she used to take a bath daily. What a good customer she would have been, by the way, to Mad. Rachel, of face-enamelling celebrity, had the latter only exercised her profession in Rome some 1800 years ago! In the opera, Poppæa uses Actæa as a means of mounting to the Imperial throne, while Agrippina employs her as an agent of her revenge, in order to work the downfall of Nero and Poppæa. Through Agrippina, Actæa discovers that the person she supposes to be merely the plain Roman Lucius, whom she has followed to Rome as his wife, is no other than the Emperor Nero, who has been starring it through the provinces, somewhat after the style of Tom Sayers, Heenan, or Jem Mace, at the present day, as a dancer and fencer. Agrippina, whose own life is threatened by her amiable son, seeks to escape, with the young Greek maiden, on board a vessel which she has especially procured

for that purpose. But the vessel having been, unknown to her, holed full of holes, as related by Tacitus in the 14th book of his "Annals," sinks out at sea. Actæa, whom it is necessary to preserve for the development of the story, is the only person saved. She is obligingly flung by the waves on shore, where she is discovered by her old admirer, Agenor, a Greek sailor, whom she believed killed, in a hand-to-hand encounter with Nero. He was, however, only wounded, and conducts her to his co-religionists, the Christians, in the Catacombs. He tells her that, by embracing the new faith, she will obtain pardon for the sins she has committed, and repose for her soul, which is racked by repentance. Suddenly, the terrible news is brought that the eldest member of their congregation is threatened by Nero with a martyr's death. Actæa is inspired with a determination to save his life. She is acquainted with the prisons of Rome; she knows the jailors, and swears to loose his chains. Such is the purport of the first three acts.

The fourth and last act opens in the Forum at Rome. We hear the march and chorus which celebrate the nuptials of Nero and Poppæa Sabina. When the marriage procession has disappeared, Actæa and Agenor make their appearance. The fair Greek feels her broken heart swell with revenge, on discovering that the hated Sabina is Nero's wife. Conspirators enter, and indulge in some warm curses against the tyrant, a proceeding which I should say, was, at the least, rather ill-judged, considering the public thoroughfare in which it is represented as taking place. However, I suppose it is all right considering that, in operas, the street is not unfrequently selected as the most appropriate spot for the signing of marriage contracts, and other transactions of an especially private nature. I am borne out in my opinion by the conduct of a certain Spanish Legionary, who joins the Conspirators, and brings them the highly gratifying intelligence that Galba, the Roman commander in Spain, is on the march to overthrow the tyrant. Actæa offers to conduct the Conspirators into Nero's golden house, and, snatching the sword from the hand of the Legionary, places herself at their head. The scene now changes to the interior of the house, where Nero is asleep in a magnificent apartment. In his sleep, he sees the ghosts of those whom he has murdered, as Richard III. does, in his tent on Bosworth field. On his starting from his uncomfortable slumbers, Actæa advances toward him with her drawn sword. Suddenly she hears the chorus of Christians, celebrating the preservation of their brother, who has been so near obtaining the crown of martyrdom. This mollifies her feelings considerably. She flings away her sword, and determines to aid Nero to escape. She is, however, prevented from effecting her purpose by the Conspirators, who rush in, and accuse her of treachery. She falls beneath the sword of the Spanish Legionary, and, as she is dying, the Conspirators discover the corpse of Nero, who has committed suicide.

Such is the plot of the *libretto*. It contains numerous faults of construction, and is not altogether consistent with what I learned, when a student of Lemprière, concerning the career of Nero and of those connected with him. It is, however, carefully written, and the verses, though at times rhythmically monotonous, are correct and elegant. In fact, it has been the object of Herr Julius Rodenberg to produce an independent literary work; and, regarding his *libretto* in this light, he published it some time before it was produced on the stage.

With regard to the music, I do not myself think it likely to obtain a wide-world reputation. Herr Bott has followed too much in the footsteps of Herr Richard Wagner to find favor in my eyes. Yet he is a musician not devoid of talent, as is proved by numerous lyrical touches, exceedingly well conceived and excellently carried out, and by the instrumentation, which, depending mostly upon the stringed quartets of which Herr Bott is a master, is distinguished for clearness and natural charm. There is a total absence of recitative, after the by no means pleasant or effective model of Herr R. Wagner. Apart from the monotonous impression produced by the drawing kind of psalmody that is made to do duty for recitative, the composer throws away every chance, for no earthly reason, of the fine effect of contrast marking a free and well connected musical composition. The first real piece of recitative is found in the last half of the concluding act, and I felt truly grateful to the Spanish Legionary for singing it. It was as refreshing to my wearied ears as the draught of pale ale which, according to a London paper, the Laureate drank after the Exhibition had been opened, must have been to his poetical but parched throat. Although inclined to admire very sincerely the instrumentation, which, like a great deal more, bears unmistakable signs of a study of the good old school of Spohr, I cannot approve of the

vocal music, which is treated as though it were purely instrumental, and constituted an integral part of the orchestra, from which consequently it never stands out so as to produce a separate effect of its own. The choruses are mostly distinguished for the homophonous style in which they are written, and which tends to annihilate their vocal effect. . . .

The part of the heroine was confided to Mad. Harriers-Wippner, who devoted her best energies to it. But it is a part not adapted to her, and, in order to be effective, she was frequently exaggerated. Mlle. de Ahna sang and played the demoniac Sabina with appropriate fire and spirit, for which she deserved all the more praise, as the character is not calculated to enlist the sympathies of the public. The same may be asserted of Herr Betz, who represented Nero. Herr Theodor Formes made the best of the part of Agenor, but it afforded him scarcely any opportunity of distinguishing himself. The subordinate personages were satisfactorily impersonated by Mad. Botticher, Herren Salomon, Fricke, and Bost. The orchestra did not execute its task with its accustomed "virtuosity," probably from want of sufficient rehearsals, although the composer conducted in person. The dances were graceful and well arranged, while the dresses and scenery did infinite credit to the management.

I repeat, that I do not fancy that *Actæa* will enjoy a very long run, though, as I have hinted, it is not without promise of better things in future from its composer. As a proof that I am not too severe in my opinion, allow me to quote that of a well-known critic here (Herr Naumann), who says:—

"Without possessing Richard Wagner's talents, Herr Bott has attempted to throw off his production after the fashion adopted by that gentleman, and composed on, from word to word, and from bar to bar. In this way he spins out his opera through four long acts, sinking, at times, to a complete absence of aught in the shape of an idea. Under these circumstances, he has altogether dispensed with an overture. Two or three bars of a flat introduction lead up to a chorus of Romans landing with Nero. This, like all the other male choruses in the opera, bears the stamp to all ordinary 'Lieder-Tafel' choruses, without the slightest approach to local characterisation, or historical coloring. Nero then sings a sort of song, reminding us of the modern sentimental effusions of Kücken and Proch, and, as it is repeated three times in the course of the opera, exhibiting very clearly the paucity of ideas under which the composer labors, since even here, when the plau of the opera demanded something striking, he has failed to display a single thought at all independent, appropriate, or interesting.

"The festive at Corinth is treated in the ballet style, to far better specimens of which we are accustomed by our own Court-composer, Hertel, as well as by the Parisian composers of this kind of music; and we must bear in mind that we are beholding dances on the classic soil of Greece.

"Agenor is an insufferably rapid modern lover, who informs us, in phrases already heard a thousand times, and really consisting of mere final cadenzas, of his feeling for Actæa, and only once rising to anything resembling a musical idea, at the words, 'bei kühlem Sternengeflimmer.' But even here, the soft-sighing Celadon, who dares not soar far beyond the limits of the tonic and dominant, becomes in the long run wearisome.

"At the dramatic conclusions of the acts, the composer, in total helplessness, has recourse to the ugliest and most impracticable progressions of the vocal parts, and to the most noisy instrumental expedients, without, for one moment, rising to real dramatic life, only possible by a musical characterization of the personages of the drama.

"The principal theme in the scene of the Imperial gardens, in the second act, we would scarcely allow in an ordinary composer of dances, and, consequently, much less in the present instance. The music rises a little, but only when compared to itself, in the scene between Nero, Agrippina and Actæa, and also when Sabina communicates to the Emperor how she has plotted the destruction of the two women. At the lines, 'Darkness conceals the dangerous reef; strong is the stream, black are the sails; the ferryman, Charon, steers the ship,' we meet, for the first time, with a really musical success achieved by the composer. On the other hand, he again becomes completely paralyzed in the scene of the meeting between Actæa and Agenor. We have seldom heard music in which such false, because rapidly morbid, sentimentality was made to mask the want of all real feeling.

The grand march, which opens the fourth act, once more enables us to perceive how totally destitute of ideas the composer is. We ought to hear a Roman triumphal march, instead of which we hear only some expressionless music in the most

worn-out march rhythm, such as is adopted by *dilettanti* without talent, who have determined to write a march at any price. The following chorus, for female voices, with ballet, is with one trifling alteration, note for note, the chorus for female voices, with ballet, in the second act of Spontini's *Cortez*, and, but for this reminiscence, would be, perhaps, the only number with anything like original local coloring in Herr Bott's work. Indeed, this goes on the whole evening, by means of connecting-links of musical mosaic, of two, three, or four bars each. In our opinion, the composer at last worked in the sweat of his brow in order to fill up, in some degree, the gaps still remaining in his opera, so that it might be completed and produced. Wagner, whose principles Herr Bott apparently adopts, offers us, for the unity in form and style, a unity of feeling, which causes us to forget the absence of the former. In *Lohengrin* we everywhere feel an atmosphere of German legends and stories. In Herr Bott's work, however, we do not meet Romans and Greeks, but at most the completely used-up phrases of the totally worn-out modern sentimental school. In addition to this, the vocal and instrumental parts, proceeding equally with each other, in the choruses as well as in the more developed pieces, exhibit an almost amateurish education on the part of the composer, as far as regards the treatment of the forms of art. The used-up finales after the tonic, by means of the chord of the dominant seventh, over which the singer's voice sinks languishingly, with its hesitatingly repeated sixth and fifth, down to the fundamental tone of the key, are forced upon us some hundred times in the course of the opera. In other places, without any reason whatever, Wagner's well-known chromatic progressions of sixths and fourths on the fiddles, from the scene of the Venusberg in *Tannhäuser*, are introduced, or else reminiscences from Elizabeth's prayer, accompanied by the wood wind instruments, in the third act of the same opera.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Tin Violin.

Translated from the "Souvenirs d'un Musicien," of ADOLPHE ADAM, by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND

Very few instruments possess so much variety in form, name, and material, as the violin. How many transformations it has undergone, since the lyre of Apollo, which some old paintings represent to have been a veritable violin; since the rebeck of the middle ages, up to the time of the Amati and Stradivarius! In spite of the power of our modern wind instruments, the violin has always held its place, and will probably continue to remain the king of the orchestra, and the basis of every symphonic combination. Many attempts have been made to render the sound of the instrument rounder, and almost every description of material has been essayed in its manufacture. At the sale that took place after the death of the celebrated commissary, Séguin, were to be seen a number of violin cases, invented by the deceased; cases of wood, stone, paste, card-board,—had asphalt been then in fashion, there would have been one of bitumen, no doubt. Steel bows had been already invented, but bows of galvanized iron were not wanting in Séguin's collection! The form of the cases was no less singular than the material; some were pierced with holes like a chafing-dish, others were square like a mouse-trap; whatever they looked like, they rarely resembled a violin; but one felt obliged to give them the name, since Séguin had always so designated them, when he exhibited them.

An Englishman, who was present with me at the sale, was in ecstasies about this novel and grotesque museum; and my surprise was great when he asked the auctioneer if there was not, among all these violins, at least one of—tin. But the auctioneer's search was useless; not one instrument of this material could be found.

"I am sorry," said the Englishman to me; "I might have won a fine instrument."

"And how so?"

"Ah, that concerns the story of another sale; that of Viotti, of whom I was a great admirer. I would have given worlds to possess an instrument which he

had used, but unfortunately, family business kept me away from London at the time of the sale of his violins after his death; I learned the day of the sale late; I killed more than one horse in trying to get there; I arrived at the moment when the last violin was knocked down to an amateur, who started off with it triumphantly. I vainly offered him twice the sum that he had given for it; he would not yield it, and was even so rude as to laugh at me. "There is a violin yet to be had, more extraordinary than all those which have just been sold," said he to me; "It has not even been put up for sale, and you can get it without any difficulty." As he said this, he pointed to a singular object that I had not yet observed; it was a tin violin—do you comprehend? A tin violin! I had determined to possess one of Viotti's instruments, so I purchased this, my last chance, for a few shillings, amid the laughter of those present. My antagonist, proud of his fine violin, then said:

"The existence of this singular instrument in this rich collection must have a singular cause, and I feel so anxious to know it, that I would give the violin that I have just purchased, could I find the key to such an enigma."

"Done," I replied quickly; "you shall give me your violin when you have learned the origin of mine; I will travel, and obtain information, wherever Viotti has been, and perhaps I shall be fortunate enough to unravel the mystery, and to win your violin."

"The bargain was concluded. I have constantly pursued my investigations since that time. I knew that Armand Séguin had been very intimate with Viotti; that wishing to take lessons from him, and knowing that the great artist was always very much occupied, he visited him at five in the morning, so as to catch him as soon as he rose; that he was always attentive to him, and employed every possible means to obtain his favor; that, one day, Viotti complained to his servant of his badly made coffee, and Armand Séguin, determined that a mercenary should no longer fill this office, came every morning to prepare the violinist's breakfast; I fancied that the tin violin might have been a present from Armand Séguin, and hoped to find, in a similar instrument, at this sale, the proof of my belief; but my hopes are all defeated!"

I consoled my Englishman on his misfortune, as well as I could, and I learned, some days after, that he had left for Viotti's native country, Piedmont, continually searching for information that as continually evaded him.

This conversation had almost entirely escaped my memory, when about two months ago I found myself seated, at the dramatic agency dinner, next to Ferdinand Langlé, one of my colleagues, an old college chum, and one of my best friends. You all know that Ferdinand Langlé is one of the wittiest fellows in existence; but if you could hear him sing one of his pretty songs in the falsest voice that vaudeville actor ever possessed, you would not dream that he is of musical origin, and that his father, Marius Langlé (an Italian, in spite of the French termination of his name), was one of the cleverest contrapuntists of the last century, and had the honor to be Dalayrac's master. I asked Ferdinand Langlé whether, among his father's papers, he had found any documents relating to Dalayrac, of whom there is no complete biography in existence. After having answered my questions, Ferdinand Langlé added:

"If you like, I can give you some musical anecdotes which I heard related to my mother, and which may be of interest to you."

"I thank you sincerely, and as one is never so much alone as when in the midst of twenty people who are all talking loudly, I beg you not to hesitate on the score of propriety, but to give me some of these anecdotes at once."

"Very good. What do you say to my relating the history of the tin violin?"

You may judge of the interest which these few words immediately excited in me. I recollected the sale at Séguin's, and the Englishman who was possibly still seeking the story that I was probably about to hear. I was all ears for Langlé's recital, and I regret that I cannot give it as he told it.

"One fine summer evening, my father and Viotti were walking in the Champs Elysées, and finally sat down under the trees, to breathe the air and dust of this favorite walk. The night came; Viotti, who was a dreamy fellow, had given himself up entirely to those inward emotions that often completely isolated him in the middle of a numerous circle; my father, who was then busy at his opera of "Corisander," was thinking over some of the passages in his work,—when both were disagreeably aroused from thought by a sound so false and harsh, that it caused them to raise their heads, and open their ears. Both looked at each other as if saying—what is that?—and they understood each other so well without speaking, that Viotti broke the silence by exclaiming:

"It cannot be a violin, in spite of the resemblance."

"Nor a clarinet either," said my father, "and yet it has some analogy with that."

"In order to enlighten themselves, they proposed to gain the spot from whence proceeded the discordant tones that had attracted their attention. Had they not possessed ears, their eyes would have led them towards the trembling light of a miserable candle, burning in front of a poor blind man, crouched at about twenty paces from them. Viotti reached him first.

"It is a violin!" he cried, laughing, and returning to my father. "But imagine of what material? Of tin! It is too curious! I must possess the instrument, and you must ask the blind man to sell it to me."

"Willingly," said my father, approaching the blind man; "My friend," said he to him, "Will you sell your violin?"

"For what use? I must then buy another, and this one suits me; it is as good as I need."

"You can buy a better one for the money we will give you; but you must first tell us how it happens that your violin is so different from others?"

"Oh! you mean why it is of tin? That is not a long story. You see, my good gentlemen, one is not always blind; I was once a good-natured fellow who made some stir among the girls of our village; but I have grown old, and my sight is not what it was. I do not know how I should have managed to live, but for the son of my late brother, good Eustace! He is only a poor workman, and finds it hard to get his living; well! he took care of me, and supported me in the best manner he could; but work failed at last; he only made thirty sous a week, and that was not enough for two. "If I only had a violin," said I to him; "I knew how to play in my young days, and if I could bring home a few two-sous pieces, that would help us a little." Eustace made no reply, but next day I saw that he was sadder than usual, and at night, when he thought me asleep, I heard him say: "Oh, the old serpent, not to give me six francs credit! but its all the same, uncle shall have his wish, or my name's not Eustace." At the end of eight days my boy came home in triumph, crying: "There's a violin, and a famous one for you! no fear that a fall will crack such a one!" and he gave me the violin you see. Eustace is a tinman; his master allowed him to take the leaveings from the workshop to make my instrument, and then he saved a little to buy the strings and the hair. I was well content; the poor boy took a deal of trouble, but the good God has rewarded him; he brings me to this spot every morning, as he goes to his work, and he takes me back in the evening; on some days the receipts are not bad; and if Eustace happens to be

out of work, I can keep the house going, and that is pretty good for a fellow like me!"

"I will give you twenty francs for your violin," said Viotti; "you can by a far better one with the money. But let me try it one moment."

"He took the violin. The singularity of the tone amused him; he sought, and found, new effects, and did not see the crowd that gathered round him, attracted by such novel sounds. A quantity of sous and even some silver pieces, fell into the hat of the astonished blind man, to whom Viotti offered the twenty francs.

"One moment!" cried out the old beggar; "Just now, I told you that you might have it for twenty francs—but I did not know that it was so good; and now I demand double that price."

Viotti had perhaps never received a more flattering compliment, so he made no demurs about the extra price. He glided through the crowd with his tin violin under his arm; but he had not walked twenty paces, before he felt some one touch his sleeve; it was a workman, who, cap in hand, with modestly lowered eyes said to him:

"I think they charged you too much for that violin, sir, and as I made it, if you are an amateur, I will make you as many as you wish at six francs each."

"It was Eustace; he had seen the bargain concluded and, having no longer any doubts as to his talent for the manufacture of instruments, he wished to continue a commerce that had commenced so well. He was obliged to give up the idea, however, for Viotti was satisfied with the single specimen for which he had paid so well."

"And what did Viotti do with the tin violin?" I asked Ferdinand Langlé.

"He always kept it, and took it with him when he retired from public life, in England."

"My dear friend," said I to Ferdinand, "you have no idea what a service your story would render to one of my acquaintances; it would win a magnificent violin for him." And in my turn, I told him the story of the Englishman and Viotti's and Armand Séguin's sale.

I have since tried, in various ways, to discover in what part of the globe my Englishman is now to be found; but my endeavor has been in vain. As books are read in every land, I have concluded to publish my information in this, hoping that chance may cause it to fall under my friend's observation, and perhaps furnish him with the means of winning his violin.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JUNE 2.—The winter of 1861-62, which was looked forward to with so much uncertainty by those musical people to whom art is a breadwinner as well as something else, has not proved so disheartening as it was natural for them to fear, in view of the general pre-occupation of the public mind in the grave questions and events of the day. It is true that no musical sensation has galvanized fashionable circles into a superficial and temporary interest in the art, or rather, in some artist; neither has there been any distinguished importation of *passés prima-donnas*, lion pianists, *et hoc genus omne*. Perhaps art has lost nothing, but rather derived some little benefit, from the deficiencies of the season in these respects; amateur societies, private concerts, &c., seem to have acquired a new and more genuine impetus than usual—one from within, rather than from without.

The events of most import to musical progress and cultivation here, have been the subscription concerts, of course; and among them those of the PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY deserve the first mention. On looking over the programmes of the five concerts

Chopin's Mazurkas.

65

f

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. *

Fine.

No. 29.
Op. 41. No. 4.

Maestoso.
p

Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Chopin's Mazurkas.

3 3 3

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * *p* Ped. * Cres. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * *fz p* Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Dim. *

Ped. * Ped. *

Cres. Ped. ri - to - nu - to. *

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melody with various intervals and rests. The bass clef staff contains a harmonic accompaniment. The dynamic marking *pp* (pianissimo) is present in the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff features a series of chords, each marked with *Ped.* (pedal) and an asterisk (*). A *Cres.* (crescendo) marking is visible in the treble staff towards the end of the system.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff features a series of chords, each marked with *Ped.* and an asterisk (*). The system concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff features a series of chords, each marked with *Ped.* and an asterisk (*). A *f* (forte) dynamic marking is present in the bass staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff features a series of chords, each marked with *Ped.* and an asterisk (*).

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff features a series of chords, each marked with *Ped.* and an asterisk (*).

First system of musical notation. The right hand (treble clef) features a complex, flowing melody with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The left hand (bass clef) provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks (*) in the left hand.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues the intricate melodic pattern. The left hand includes a 'Cres.' (crescendo) marking and several 'Ped.' markings with asterisks (*) indicating sustained notes.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand melody is sustained with a long horizontal line. The left hand features a series of chords and single notes. A 'ff' (fortissimo) dynamic marking is present in the right hand.

Fourth system of musical notation. Both hands play a continuous, rhythmic pattern of eighth notes, creating a dense texture.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand has a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking. The left hand features a 'pp' (pianissimo) dynamic marking. The melody in the right hand is more melodic and less dense than in previous systems.

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand is mostly empty, with a few notes. The left hand plays a series of chords and single notes. A 'Smorz.' (smorzando) marking is present in the right hand, indicating a fading or dying away of the sound.

of the past (twentieth of the Society) season, we find the selections, of orchestral works at least, to have been good on the whole, and free from prejudice or tendency. Of Beethoven, we have had the Third and Fifth Symphonies, the "Fidelio" overture, the great violin Concerto, opus 61, and that for piano and orchestra, opus 37. Mozart's Symphony No. 5, and the Concerto No. 8, for piano and orchestra, were interesting productions as points of comparison with more modern works. Of Mendelssohn we had but a taste—a *bonne bouche*, however; the "Fingals' Cave" overture, and two arias. Then we had Schubert's glorious Symphony in C major, of which Robert Schumann has so truly said—"those who do not know and admire this noble Symphony, understand nothing of Schubert's genius."

How many conclusions as to the effect of a work on the public are unprejudiced, and uncolored by the opinions of that part of the public immediately surrounding us? Your New York correspondent, who found the Symphony tedious—by the ears of Midas, how could he do so?—was evidently impressed with the belief that every one else, judging like his particular friends, also found it so. While our own conclusion would have been a contrary one altogether, had we judged only from the opinions expressed by "our set." The symphony according to them, was romantic!—imaginative!!—sublime!!!—its rehearsals were followed with avidity; a large party of ladies crossed over to Brooklyn amid the sharpest storm of the season, to hear it performed by the Philharmonic Society there; and one unfortunate "she" appeared with red eyes at the breakfast table on the morning after that performance, because her promised escort had declined to become responsible for the possible accidents that might attend a journey through three feet of snow, under a starless sky, and over a storm-ploughed river. So much for variety of opinion!

But to return to our Philharmonic Society. Two new works were given this season; a Serenade for small orchestra, by Brahms (No. 2, opus 16), pleasing, well conceived and instrumentated, but too long. Indeed this Serenade, if put to the use which its name suggests, would indubitably, after delightfully awakening and interesting the fair one, as agreeably lull her to sleep again. The other novelty was: "2 Morceaux Symphoniques" by Goldbeck, which proved that the ambition of this popular pianist is not a common one, or confined to the sphere of his particular instrument. Then we had Marschner's "Vampyr" overture, selected as a token of respect to the memory of the recently deceased composer; Weber's "Ruler of the Spirit" overture, and Schumann's Symphony No. 4, in D minor, one of the finest symphonic productions of the season. Neither were the composers of our day neglected; we had Wagner's brassy "Rienzi" overture; the "Carnival Romain," by Berlioz, which is effective, and pleases, and leaves an impression on the mind, like that left by the visit of a witty and brilliant friend—much such an impression, probably, as the composer intended to make; and Liszt's "Préludes" and his Poème Symphonique "Orphée,"—neither of which works too favorably impressed us at first, but which, after following the rehearsals, and careful study and playing of the scores, grew more and more upon us. These, with some solo pieces of lesser importance, have been the productions of last season's Philharmonic Concerts. The vocal numbers, with but few exceptions in point of musical worth, and with scarcely any as regards the rendition, were far below what should be the standard of such a society.

Next in importance have been the classical soirées, six in number, of Messrs. MASON and THOMAS.—These interesting chamber concerts, now past their seventh season, are, it is well known, devoted exclusively to the cultivation of the Quartet and kindred compositions; and are as perfect and enjoyable as

we can dare to hope for here. The regular members of this society, Mr. Mason and Messrs. Thomas, Mosenthal, Matzka, and Bergner, with the occasional assistance of other instrumentalists, have worthily brought forward for popular appreciation some of the finest quartets, quintets, trios, and piano and violin duos and solos. Beethoven, as a matter of course, had the lion's share in the programmes; Mozart, Schumann, and Schubert were equally well represented, nor was genial father Haydn neglected; we had Spohr's quartet in E major, and, by way of novelty a trio by Volkmann in B flat major, more interesting from its novelty than its worth, however.

MESSRS. MILLS and MOLLENHAUER started on a new Quartet crusade this winter. Their selections were, in part, excellent. Should these artists essay a second series of these soirées, additional practice together, among the members of the quartet, will perhaps impart the finish and mutual understanding so necessary to a complete execution. The qualities that make a good solo, and a finished quartet player, are distinct and special, and all are a matter of acquisition, and not of intuition.

The performance, in the BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, and subsequently under less favorable circumstances, in New York, of Robert Schumann's Cantata, "Paradise and the Peri," by the Liederkranz and Philharmonic Societies, with solo singers, was too remarkable, as regards the music itself, at least, to be passed over in silence. The mere production of such a work, even in an inferior manner, was an event in the musical annals of New York.—As Spenser is a poet for poets, so is Schumann the composer for musicians. All the impassioned, ideal grace, the Oriental coloring, that Moore's elegant, finished, but superficial verse failed to give the subject of "Paradise and the Peri," Schumann's music has imparted to it. Yet this work is full of faults; we cannot expect perfection from this inspired but unfortunate and ill-balanced spirit; the trail of the serpent is among the flowers. We are led too often beyond limits where beauty leaves us, into a desert without form, and void, or into labyrinths of bitter, thorny, too-long unresolved dissonances and enigmatical modulations. Yet in spite of these defects, and of the frequent harshness and unmelodic management of the vocal parts, the Cantata overflows with passages of almost unparalleled beauty. The whole of the second part is a continual flow of inspiration; the chorus of the Genii of the Nile, with its marvellous instrumental accompaniment, the contralto solo, "In the green wood," the impassioned "Maiden's Song," the lovely solo and chorus "Sleep on, in visions of odor,"—these were indeed conceived and written in a happy hour! Then the opening of the first part, the whole fine "Gazna" scene, the elegant Hourii chorus in the third part, the quartet and chorus "Blest tears"—such exquisite passages cause us to forget the length to which some recitatives and fugued choruses are drawn out, by no means "in linked sweetness,"—especially those of the third part. This Cantata requires very finished and delicate rendering, and careful study of its various effects; it must be this necessity of the clearest execution, added to the fact that the work appeals more to some individual temperament than to the general public, that has kept it from the popularity that, in an abridged form, at least, its great beauty would seem to command for it. That the rendition here was not of the perfect and almost impossible character that the work deserves, we need hardly say. The orchestral accompaniment was good, though it might have been more finely shaded; the choruses were in general firmly sung, although the same deficiency of variety of tone and expression was observable in them as in the orchestral performance. But the solos were very indifferent! Good will, however, was not wanting, and, with all its short-comings in rendition, the production of such a work was an experiment

for which all music-lovers had cause to be thankful.

You copied and commented on the queer criticisms that appeared in some of the papers here, about the Christmas performance by the HARMONIC SOCIETY, of Handel's "Messiah." But, after all, the criticisms were not so senseless, if written by people who judge of music, not for and in itself, but by the way in which it is performed. We, whose earliest musical recollections are those of the glorious English performances of the master's clear, manly, noble, massive conceptions, scarcely recognized the oratorio in question. To attempt to perform such a work with a small orchestra, an amateur chorus, arpeggiated piano accompaniment, and, with the exception of the soprano, timid and worn out solo voices, is, to say the least of it, a rash undertaking. The pleasantest thing about this occasion was the presentation of a gold medal from the Society to Mr. Bristow.

The spasmodic efforts of the Opera company have not been very edifying this season. Operas that everybody knows by heart, to which the singing of Miss KELLOGG has occasionally added interest; an imperfect reproduction of "Masaniello," the introduction of the little comic operas "Betly" and "Les Noces de Jeanette" to a New York public; such, with the welcome but brief re-appearance of Madame D'ANGRI, and the doubtfully successful débuts of third-rate singers, have been the features—save the mark!—at the Academy of Music. When shall we have a small, good, permanent Italian opera company in New York, supported by subscription? For in no way, save by governmental aid, can a complete "monster" opera house be made to pay here.

Of Mr. GOTTSCHALK's concerts it is unnecessary to speak again; their character, as well as that of his playing, is well known; and their principal aim, equally well known, appears to be that of popularizing his own compositions. What would be the fate of artists of this stamp, in communities like those that sometimes blame the noble Clara Schumann, because her programmes invariably contain at least one of her gifted husband's piano-forte works?

The Arion, Mendelssohn, Teuton, English Madrigal, and other societies, have not favored the public ear often this year. The operatic and ballad concerts by our resident artists have merely excited our wonder, that so many people will persevere in singing and playing the same hackneyed vocal and instrumental *chevaux de bataille*, to the neglect of the little known treasures that would give charm and variety to their selections, and that only await a "pathfinder," to become popular.

A new "Stabat Mater Dolorosa," composed by Mr. J. V. M. BUSCH, was performed last night at the French R. C. Church of St. Vincent de Paul, by Mrs. Brinkerhoff, Mdle. Gomen, Mr. Durant, and Señor Gonzalez, with a (very) small chorus, and Mr. Duchaner at the organ. We had heard a good deal beforehand of this composition, of the difficulties attending its former expected performance, and had somehow got an idea into our heads that its author must be a persecuted and unjustly unacknowledged genius. Alas for our preconceived and romantic conjectures! these went the way of many other illusions last night. Mr. Busch's "Stabat Mater" does not possess the merit of originality, or that of judicious imitation; it is full of cadences and passages that we are sure we have heard before, we are not quite certain where, but decidedly not in the best of musical company; and these thefts do not by any means strike us with that indignant admiration with which we greet the discovery of Byron's clever pickings and stealings, from the old English, Meredith's from the French, Mr. Longfellow's from the German authors; or with the mingled feeling which we experience on reading of Claude Duval's elegant exploits in highway robbery. The whole coloring of this "Stabat" is monotonous, or rather null; and the indifferent execution, and the creaking of the organ

did nothing towards clothing it with a grace that was not its own. Judging from its effect on last night's audience, Mr. Busch's "Stabat" would find its fullest appreciation in the East, if we may trust Villoteau's remarks on the Oriental music, in his "Description de l'Egypte," and which we translate: "The Orientals, and, above all, the Egyptians, consider that musician the most estimable who can dissipate their melancholy, cause them a good laugh, procure them a quiet sleep, and then awaken them again,—all through the charms of his art." ALMA.

Monster Young Lady Concerts—Stolen Thunder, &c., &c.

SHELBYVILLE, Ky., May 22, 1862.

I have recently read with much surprise an article which appeared in your Journal from the pen of Prof. J. H. Kappes of Shelbyville, Kentucky, in which he makes some sarcastic allusions to the performances of my music class in the Shelbyville Female College, and in which he refers also with approbation to an article published in your Journal, June 29, 1861, with the signature "T," in which an ill-natured caricature of one of my concerts is drawn. After closely examining the spirit and style of these two communications, I am not alone in regarding them as emanating from the same source. You will doubtless allow me the privilege of correcting some false statements and repelling some offensive insinuations.

In both communications allusion is made to the fact that I arranged, as part of my extensive programme, a piece of music to be played on six pianos with four performers at each instrument. Not being able to comprehend how that could be accomplished, they insinuate that a deception was practised, that the pianos were only six octaves, and that each of the four young pupils played with only "one hand." All of these are misstatements. There was not a six-octave piano in the number, and each of the performers, who were nearly all *little girls*, played with both hands. I cannot imagine how such reckless statements could be made without some malignant purpose to deceive and insult, especially when correct information was so accessible. Any person, anxious not to make a misstatement, could have satisfied himself by an inspection of the manuscripts—by closely watching the hands of the performers—and by making inquiry of any one of the twenty four performers, or any one of the pupils or teachers of the Institution.

The chagrined Professor complains that "at the exhibitions of our Seminaries pupils frequently receive extravagant praise for that which is simply *show*, possessing but little merit. The delighted public are not aware that it is comparatively an easy thing for four young ladies to play on one piano, particularly if each play with *one hand*." Now the truth is I had heard that the Professor, so averse to *show*, had determined to introduce at his public concerts six pianos with three performers at each. Resolved not to be surpassed in honorable rivalry by a school in the same town, I successfully accomplished the feat to which allusion has been made. But the Professor, who denounces mere *show*, when he was startled by the information of my plan, added two more pianos, and succeeded in having a number of pieces played by *twenty-four performers with eight pianos*. It is with a good grace indeed that he writes to Boston, condemning me and my pupils for mere *show*! The truth is, he was disappointed because I stole his own thunder, and "finished up the whole with remarkable *eclat*." *Hinc illae lacrimae*. The great musical Barnum of the West was mortified by being out-Barnumed on that occasion; perhaps that changed his theory. When the Professor refers to me as an example of a teacher who "aims at nothing higher than what is demanded by a depraved and uncultivated public taste," he not only

offers a gratuitous insult to me, but to the community in which we have both lived, and prospered for many years. The correspondent "T" also writes sarcastically that, following my example, "teachers need not spend weeks and months of unnecessary drill to render pupils exact and independent in the presentation of their pieces before an audience who never look beyond the surface, but who good-naturedly bestow their approbation on what is seemingly meritorious." Now I suppose the "immense and brilliant audience," among which "T" was "closely wedged in," are as capable of appreciating good music as any "immense and brilliant audience" of Townsend, Mass., where "T" claims to hail from. The town of Shelbyville has been famed for years for three superior Female Schools, which have long flourished here. Between two and three hundred music pupils have been taught here annually—Prof. Kappes having himself had the direction of the musical education of a large class. All the schools have been in the habit of giving private and public concerts. I doubt if the citizens of any small inland town in this country have heard as much superior music as our people. When then this "immense and brilliant audience," for three successive nights, listened with thrilling interest to the varied musical performances of my pupils, and rendered applause at "every performance," they paid a high and deserved compliment to my class. One would infer from the communication of "T" that the piece for twenty-four performers was the most important part of my programme; but the fact that a number of most excellent pieces, such as Overtures to *Don Giovanni* and *Fra Diavolo* for two pianos and four performers—Concert Polka by Wallace—"Angels' Serenade," a three-part chorus by Concone, etc., were correctly and some of them brilliantly performed, will demonstrate how partial and unjust was the criticism towards myself and the young ladies.

The correspondent shows much ignorance when the statement is made that "the efforts of the young ladies were most admirably seconded by the magic tones of the Professor's violin—so skillfully superadded as effectually to cover all defects and finish up the whole with remarkable *eclat*." Now if my pupils did not play their pieces correctly, my violin, so far from concealing discords, would have only more conspicuously developed them.

But, Mr. Editor, I have made this communication longer than I at first intended. I feel mortified that I am called upon to resent this uncalled for, repeated and malicious attack. Prof. Kappes and myself have long lived in the same town—are engaged in the same profession—have a large amount of work to do—and have enjoyed a large amount of success in teaching numerous classes in popular institutions among a generous and intelligent people. There was no need that he and his friend should send their communications to attack me and my classes. The public here have formed their own estimate of us, as teachers of music. His traducing me will not make them alter their verdict. Age should teach him to attend to his own business, and to suppress disgusting displays of envy. C. KINKEL.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society was held last week at Chickering's Hall. In the absence of the President, Mr. Oren J. Faxon presided. The Treasurer reported that the receipts for the year amounted to \$4623 20; expenses, \$5702 40; balance against the Society, \$479 20. The total indebtedness of the Society amounts to \$1279 20.

The Secretary reported that four new members had been admitted during the year and five discharged. Four concerts have been given, which were attended with success.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President, Dr. J. Baxter Upham; Vice-President, Oren J. Faxon; Secretary, Loring B. Barnes; Treasurer, Matthew S. Parker; Librarian, Geo. H. Chickering; Trustees, George W. Palmer, James Rice, Wm. Hawes, H. Farnam Smith, George P. Carter, Isaac Woodward, Wm. O. Perkins, Samuel L. Thorndike.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 7, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Chopin's Mazurkas.

Church Music.

II.

A few weeks since we spoke of the want of better music in our churches. The unedifying humdrum of our common psalmody, seeking to atone for its monotony by ringing endless changes on itself, yet seldom touching a new chord in any soul;—the opposite extreme of sensuous and showy entertainment in the almost operatic floweriness, the questionable pathos and the calculated effect of so much of the current Catholic mass music;—the negative, ungenial virtue of the English Chantings and *Te Deums*, which rely more on a certain uniform, staid dignity of style, than on any wealth or warmth of musical feeling and ideas, more on a good manner than on matter, musically speaking, and which therefore, like the Ambrosian and Gregorian beginnings in the early Christian Church, partake more of ritual than of music, more of prescribed ceremony than of spontaneous expression, more of law and limitation than of poetry and genius,—being an art which patient industry may learn, and no man needs to be inspired withal:—these were briefly hinted at as common complaints, one or the other or all of which are heard almost every time you meet music-lovers coming out of church; or, if you hear admiration, ten to one it is just such testimony as a good cause would not covet. We then asked whether there is not "a music, simple, practicable, real in its origin, essentially sacred, born with the birth of Protestant worship, and one with its whole spirit, already existing, both in the simple tune form and in the inexhaustible splendors of polyphonic Art-transfiguration; out of which too our own live 'psalm-tunes' have derived their root; and which may profitably be made the basis of an experiment of better music in our churches, the staple of the musical service, yet capable of infinite development into more rich and complex forms, as means and culture warrant?"

We think there is such a music; and have already suggested that it may be found in the German Choral—this for the simple form, the germ of all we want—and, for development, for higher Art, in the polyphonic treatment of the Choral, the inspired illustration of its intrinsic power and beauty by SEBASTIAN BACH.

Now we proceed further to suggest how this may be applied. We mean here and now, to meet the present want. Of course, therefore, we do not attempt to enter into all the possibilities that may flow out of a good but very simple initiation of the plan. We propose the plainest practicable form of the thing first; all that is wanted is a sound root and a good soil, and it will grow. Nor do we make any dogmatic prescription of one way and one only; in the multitude of experiments, we propose one as worthy to be tried, as being within comparatively easy reach, and certainly good so far as it will go. (How far it is capable of going—the music in itself we mean—how pregnant a germ the Choral is, they only have begun to conceive who have

studied the wonderful and inexhaustible wealth and beauty of Bach's sacred music, whose whole Art therein is founded on the *Choral*.)

1. Let us banish the voluminous and numberless collections of psalm tunes; at least, the whole business of psalm-singing by a choir. Instead of the hundreds and thousands of such tunes, select a very small number—a dozen for a beginning, fifty for the whole book—of the sterling, best known, most loved Lutheran Chorals (of course a still older origin would be nothing against them); but such, we mean, as sprang into existence in a period of real religious inspiration, out of the heart of the people, and have ever since been sung and cherished by the people, old and young, in the land of Luther, where religious freedom first began. Among these some of our own familiar psalm-tunes will be found. They are simple, solemn melodies, sung in unison (without harmony) by the whole people. Some of them are full of grand confidence and trust, forgetting cares and sorrows in a sense of the infinite majesty of God; some breathe an unspeakable tenderness of piety; yet all have something fresh, naive and wholesome, in marked contrast with such sentiment and pathos as indulges itself chiefly in Italian operatic melody.

A congregation, or a goodly portion of a congregation, could soon be taught to know and sing in unison a dozen of these tunes. Here in Boston, thanks to the wise turn given to the singing in the public schools, the children, the whole generation, are already growing up knowing by heart and singing a number of these Chorals. In the annual Exhibition is not the effect more wonderful and more religious, than almost anything we ever hear in any of the churches? It will be still grander, when they are sung (as well) by ripper voices, men and women with the children. The support of the Organ of course is desirable: that supplies the harmony; and that may fill pauses between the lines with rich and suggestive interludes, enveloping and lifting up the whole thing into a higher plane of Art. The artistic soul of it all should reside in the organist, who should be a thorough musician, trained in the polyphonic school of Bach. With such a man for teacher and director, according to his zeal and faculty, much might be done.

But here let us remark that we do not wage war upon the hymn books, the sacred poetry which is so dear to Christians. Let the minister read hymns, and not be limited in choice, so they be true hymns and fitting to the time. But what need is there that these same words should be sung? Or why should what is sung, be also read? Who can detect the words in one line out of a hundred sung? Why not let the hymn be read, and let a corresponding strain of music follow?—music with its own words, words fitted to itself, inseparable from it, instead of trying to force tunes into a false alliance with the various verses of so many hymns, agreeing in nothing but the metre—metre, mind, and not the rhythm, for these are often distinct things, and prose too has its rhythm. The German chorals have for the most part some irregular kind of metre scarcely found in our hymn books. They must be sung, if at all, to their own words. But if the sentiment, the feeling correspond, what further correspondence ought we to require? Indeed it were much better (for the listener, if such there be as well as singers) to give oneself freely up to the influence

of the music, melting away the chains of word-thought, and liberating the soul for higher flights, than to be puzzling one's wits in trying to follow the words.

2. But while the *Choral sung in unison* is the simplest thing and should be the foundation of the musical service, it by no means follows that it should be the only thing, or that it should come first in order. Harmony (of course with melody) is better than mere melody; for it is as it were melody glorified and set star-like in the heavens. The Quartet Choir, four voices moving in distinct but blended parts, produces heavenly effects surpassing (when the music sung is of the true quality) any unison of howsoever great a multitude. Light itself grows tiresome until broken into harmony of many colors. And as the case now stands, the Quartet Choir, or even the larger choir, is more immediately available than any decent singing by the congregation.

We would suggest therefore to begin with the Quartet Choir. Let such a choir, with the right kind of director at the Organ, sing some of the Chorals as harmonized by Bach. Nothing is or can be finer, purer, nobler, more religious, more full of satisfying beauty, more perennially fresh and safe from ever growing hacknied, than the Choral in his setting. His harmony is *polyphonic*, that is many-voiced, each voice or part having its own graceful, easy individual movement, yet each helping out the other and subserving the unity of the whole. Other composers have had this art, but all award the palm of highest mastery therein to Bach. At all events we have them as he wrote them, already made to hand, and can there be anything better? Why not make him the text-book, whether we make excursions into wider fields or not? With a large choir this four part harmony would sound still better; best of all with a massive Oratorio chorus—we have heard the like in the two Chorals introduced by Mendelssohn in his "St. Paul."

Meanwhile the congregation, or a fair representation of it, may be taught to sing two or three, or more, of these tunes in unison, as a beginning, learning the love of them all the while from choir and organ. Then imagine the beautiful and quickening effect of such an alternation as this: First, the people sing in unison, however coarsely, if only rhythmically and with some degree of unity, one verse of the Choral, with organ accompanying; and then, they pausing, listening, the same Choral floats down from above, in four-part harmony, by pure voices, *unaccompanied*, sung by the choir! Before it was human and terrestrial, now it sounds angelic, heavenly; before it was of the earth, earthy, now it is glorified and of the spirit world. The most sublime impression that we ever yet received from music in a church, was at a "liturgical service" so-called, consisting principally of music, on Christmas Eve in the Royal church, or Dom, in Berlin, when the exquisite silvery harmony of the 80 or 90 boys and men of the celebrated *Dom Chor* alternated in this manner with the coarse and clumsy unison of the whole people.

So much for the present, for a beginning.—Ampler developments may follow. This being the first thing and the basis, larger forms of Art may gradually be added, Motets, Anthems, perhaps judicious selections from Oratorios and Masses, &c.; about which, and about another element, a great essential, the proper Organ music, something has yet to be said.

BENEFIT CONCERT.—Some time since a music-lover expressed in these columns a desire to hear performed in some of our concerts certain compositions of a kind not often heard here, but very common in Germany; namely concerted instrumental pieces lying between the Orchestra and Chamber Music, such as Septuors, Octets, &c. We are glad to see that an example in this kind is to be set, and that in the pleasant form of a Complimentary Benefit to be given to Mr. THOMAS RYAN by his fellows of the Quintette Club, and other artists. It will take place next Tuesday evening, at Institute Hall, in Roxbury (the horse cars pass it). The programme includes the Octet in F by Schubert, and the Nonetto by Spohr (in which the Club will be assisted by Messrs. RIBAS, HAMANN, NITZ and STEIN), and of a variety of lighter things, solos instrumental and vocal, &c. Miss PEARSON is the singer. Mr. Ryan has been so active in the cause of classical music here, for many years, and has so many friends, that we cannot doubt the capacities of the hall will be put to a test.

Mr. EICHBERG's charming little buffo opera, "The Doctor of Alcantara," which has caused such fresh enjoyment at the Museum lately, is in course of publication, both the entire work, and the songs, duets, &c., separately, by Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co. Several of the most popular numbers, already issued, are named in our advertising columns. We have only room now to say, that pleasant as we found them in the hearing, they have interested us still more in the notes. Felicities in idea and treatment, in spite of their simplicity, are not infrequent in these little pieces.

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG.—In the performance of Bach's *Passion* music, during Passion Week, Carl Reinecke directed, the violin solo was played by David, the organ was played by Richter (all professors in the Conservatorium), and the part of "the Evangelist" was sung by Schneider of Wiesbaden, who is regarded as the best "Evangelist" in Germany.—Leipzig has lost its excellent violoncellist, Davidhoff, who has been tempted to St. Petersburg by a salary of 2,000 silver rubles.

The following pieces of church music were sung in the Thomas Church about the middle of April. On the 12th (Saturday, at half past one) a *Kyrie* and *Gloria* by Spohr; on the 13th (Sunday) Handel's *Passion Oratorio*: "Feelings at the grave of Jesus;" on the 16th, motet by Hauptmann; on the 17th, motet by Schicht: "Wir drücken dir die Augen zu;" 19th, motet by Haydn: "To thee all praise and glory belongeth," and motet by Schicht; 20th, Hymn by Handel; 21st, at 8 in the morning, *Missa* by Cherubini, and Hymn by Spohr.

DRESDEN.—On Palm Sunday Cherubini's *Requiem* and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony were finely given under the direction of Capellmeister Rietz.

STUTTGART.—At the last subscription concert Rubinstein's new Concert Overture and Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" were performed. Molique's Oratorio "Abraham" was given on Palm Sunday, Carl Eckert conducting. The reception was friendly, if not enthusiastic.

BERLIN.—The principal novelty at the Royal Opera House during the past month, was the production of Herr Bott's new opera "Actæa, the maid of Corinth," of which we copy a description on another page. The low opinion there expressed of it is more than confirmed by the correspondent of the Vienna

Musik-Zeitung, from whom we translate the following:—

"Herr Bott has not given an overture. Instead of improving this last opportunity of proving his capacity for a well-worked piece, he offers nothing but a few bars of very flat, unsatisfactory introduction, which are imitated, too, from Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas*. Immediately, upon the first chorus is impressed the stamp of an extremely trivial Liedertafel sing-song, for which at the highest Gumbert or Proch might envy the composer, and which, in spite of that, recurs three times in the opera. The theme of the succeeding male chorus is borrowed—painful contrast!—from the A flat major movement in Beethoven's great E flat Trio. A festival scene in Corinth is danced off after the pattern of the most ordinary ballet style; the next aria, of the *primo amoroso* is a faded, empty salon piece *par excellence*,—and that ends the first act. Nowhere any trace of a finely declaimed recitative, of *ensembles* which interest through polyphonic conduct of the parts. The treatment of the orchestra is pitiful—at the farthest, only here and there an effort in a single passage to produce effect by tone-color or to express chromatic despair. And as for the style, in which the vocal parts are written, we think of no example, except it be in Spontini or Wagner, where such violence is done to singers.

"What we have said of this first act, is equally true of all the others; wherever we look, there is the most complete impotence of thought, most utter want of the gift of invention and of plastic power. Relatively the best number of the opera is unquestionably a chorus of women, with ballet, in the fourth act; and that for the simple reason, that it is borrowed again, almost note for note, from the chorus of women with ballet in Spontini's *Cortez* (2nd act);—not to speak of other reminiscences upon a grand scale from Weber's *Freyshütz* (Roman city ladies, for instance, singing the beginning of the hunters' chorus!), from the *Huguenots*, *Tannhäuser*, Spohr's *Faust*, &c., &c. To make a short story of it, there are things which cannot be criticized, because they are beneath criticism, and with such things belongs Bott's opera: 'The Maid of Corinth.'"

Passion week was celebrated by several Musical societies, who performed some of the greatest sacred compositions. The Sing-academie gave Bach's *Matthäus-Passion*; Stern's society, Beethoven's *Missa Solennis*; two other societies gave Graun's *Tod Jesu*.

The following operas were performed at the Royal Opera during the month of March: Rossini's *Tell*, with Herr Ferenczy from Riga as Arnold; Weber's *Euryanthe*; Spontini's *Cortez*; Donizetti's *Fille du Regiment*, twice, with Mlle. Desirée Artôt; Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, twice; Auber's *Fairy Lake*; Meyerbeer's *Prophète* (Ferenczy); Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore* (Artôt), twice; Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*, on the king's birthday; *Don Juan*; Weber's *Freischütz*; Méhul's *Joseph in Egypt*; Bellini's *Sonnambula* (Artôt). Mlle. Artôt, in the parts of Marie, Adina and Amina, is pronounced little short of perfect, in spite of the fact that she gave the spoken dialogue in bad German, and sang in French.

CASSELL.—The operatic repertoire during the past season was as follows:

Mozart: *Don Juan* (three times), *Die Zauberflöte*, *Figaro's Hochzeit*, and *Die Entführung* (three times).—Beethoven: *Fidelio* (three times). Weber: *Der Freischütz* (twice). Kroutzer: *Nachtlager in Grenada*. Méhul: *Joseph en Egypte* (three times). Cherubini: *Les deux Journées*. Maurer, L.: *Aloyse* (twice). Marschner: *Templar und Jüdin* (twice). Lortzing: *Czaar und Zimmermann*, *Undine*. Nicolai: *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*. Wagner: *Tannhäuser*. Flotow: *Sradella*, *Martha*. Halévy: *La Juive* (twice). Meyerbeer: *Robert le Diable* (twice), *Les Huguenots* (three times). Auber: *La Part du Diable* (three times). Adolphe Adam: *La*

Brasseur de Preston. Rossini: *Il Barbier di Seviglia*, *Guglielmo Tell* (twice). Bellini: *La Sonnambula*. Donizetti: *La Fille du Regiment*, *Lucresia* (twice). Belisario, *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Reiss: *Otto der Schütz*, new (three times). Offenbach: *Orphée aux Enfers* (five times).

In a few weeks Spohr's *Jessonda*, also, will have been performed, after a rest of nearly three years, and will be immediately followed by a revival of Marschner's *Hans Heiling*. With regard to the manner in which the operas in the above list were executed generally, it may be designated as a careful manner; but some of the works, such, for instance, as *Die Zauberflöte*, *Figaro's Hochzeit*, *Fidelio*, *Joseph*, and *Undine*, were performed with extraordinary excellence.

Of the instrumental concerts in Cassell a correspondent of the London *Musical World* gives the following report. The young violinist, Isidor Lotto, here referred to—a mere boy, of gypsy origin, and most interesting appearance—we heard last year in Leipzig. The old Moscheles, who sat by our side, remarked that he had never heard Paganini's peculiar style and execution so nearly approached. Unfortunately the youth seemed to take too exclusively after that mere virtuoso school. But for the extract:

There have been four subscription concerts given by the Ducal band. At the first of these concerts Herr Hermann Levi, from Mannheim, produced a highly favorable impression of his talent, both as a composer and a pianist, by his performance of an original concerto for piano and orchestra. Although there are evident marks of the influence of Mendelssohn and Schumann in the said production, the independent talent of the composer cannot be denied. The instrumentation is especially worthy of praise, and the structure of the entire work thoroughly good. The young violinist, Herr Isidor Lotto, from Warsaw, was also successful in the first movement of the concerto in E major, by Viennetemps, and the "Perpetuum mobile," by Paganini. At the second concert Herr Hans von Bülow was the chief attraction. The principal works selected by him for performance were, Henselt's Concerto in F minor, Beethoven's sonata, Op. 110, and Liszt's "Fantasia on Hungarian Melodies." The third concert introduced to us Herr Alfred Jaell, always a welcome visitor, who, on this occasion as well as on all previous ones, met with a very warm reception. He took part in Spohr's C Minor quintet for piano, flute, clarinet, horn and bassoon, and was well supported by the leading members of the band. At the same concert, Herr Wipplinger performed Mendelssohn's oft-heard but never-tiring Violin-Concerto. At the fourth concert, two local artists took the principal part in the instrumental music. They were Herr Graff, leader, and Herr Knoop. The former, a pupil of Viennetemps, possesses very respectable powers of execution, and a most elegant style, and has repeatedly gained great applause for his rendering of compositions by his former master, and by De Beriot. He was less fortunate with Beethoven's Violin-Concerto. The cadences introduced by him were a *mixture compositum* from Viennetemps, Joachim, Laub, etc., and, consequently, were not calculated to throw the audience into rhapsodies. Mlle. Kristinus, a young contralto just engaged at the opera, made her *début* at this concert, and at once ingratiated herself with the public, being repeatedly and tumultuously recalled. An interesting item in the programme was the charming finale to *Così fan Tutte*, which was admirably rendered.—I must add to my notice of the third concert, that the pleasing chorus from Cherubini's *Blanche de Provence* was particularly well received. Indeed, under the direction of Herr Hempel, who now occupies the post of musical director, in place of Herr Weidt, the chorus has gained immensely in delicacy and precision, a fact of which the audience manifested their appreciation at every fitting opportunity. The chorus sang, also, two of Schubert's "Lieder im Volkstone." With regard to the merit of the orchestra, more particularly, it is quite equal to what it was last year, and high praise is due to Herr Reiss for the pains he has taken in getting up the concerts. In the way of overtures, we have had Mendelssohn's *Hebrides*, Marschner's overture to *Der Vampyr*, Cherubini's *Les Abencerrages*, and a new and original one, in D major, by Herr August Walter. In addition to these, we have had Schubert's Symphony in C major; Beethoven's Symphony, No. 8; Niels W. Gade's Symphony, No. 4; and Schumann's Symphony, No. 2 (C major). The last took very well with the public, though but few of those present could, I should say, have been able to appreciate it fully with only one hearing.

Special Notices.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Wake, lady wake. Serenade.

"Doctor of Alcantara." 25

Those who have been so fortunate as to be present at the performance of Mr. Eichberg's Opera will remember this effective Song. It is within the compass of any tenor voice, and must become a standard concert-piece.

I love! I love! Duet. "Doctor of Alcantara." 35

Another *morceau* from this Opera; although called a duet, it is nearly all sung by Carlos (the tenor), and will answer for a song very well.

Buenos Noches. "Doctor of Alcantara." 25

The amusing song of the porters, who bring in the basket containing Carlos. It never fails to call forth an *enore*, and the "He! he! he!" is almost an institution of itself.

The Knight of Alcantara. "Doctor of Alcantara." 25

When a lover is poor. " 25

Away despair. Duet. " 25

The first is Donna Lucresia's song, a capital ballad for a soprano voice. The second is the song of Inez (contralto) a very pretty bit of melody.

Instrumental Music.

Overture to "Doctor of Alcantara." J. Eichberg. 25

Entr' acte " " 25

Excellent arrangements for the Piano, and not difficult of performance.

Heart's Ease. Waltz a la Tyrolienne.

Carl Faust. 35

By a new composer of Dance Music, a German, of late a resident of London, whose charming Polkas and dashing Galops have become staple articles in transatlantic Ball-rooms. A Polka-Mazurka of his, the "Violetta," is perhaps the prettiest piece of music ever written to the measure of this lovely dance. All his melodies are graceful and striking.

Valse pastorale. A. Kielblock. 35

A fine "Morceau de Salon," of medium difficulty. The many friends which former compositions of this author have gained for themselves, will be glad to see a new sign of his activity.

Beauties of "La Juive." J. Bellak. 40

Books.

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A very fine collection of the choicest Operatic Airs and favorite Melodies, comprising selections from "Sicilian Vespers," "Il Trovatore," "Traviata," "Bohemian Girl," "Lucia," and other Operas, together with popular songs, waltzes, polkas, marches, quicksteps, and arranged for the violin and piano. A book of this class has long been in demand, and a want has existed which will now be freely met by this work. We commend it to amateurs as just the thing."

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

